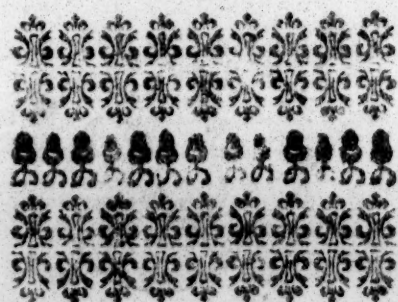


SOME

FABLES

AFTER

The Easie and Familiar
Method of *Monsieur de la*
Fontaine.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1703.

☞ There is newly Published the Comical History
of *Francion.*

1807

THE

OF THE



LONDON

Printed in the Year 1807

There is now published the Complete Edition
of

T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

Prefaces and Cuts, are commonly made use of much to the same purpose; to set off, and to explain. The latter, being too expensive, are pretty well

A 2

The Preface.

well out of date, in an Age, where there are abundance of fine things to be bought besides Books. But the first, by wicked Custom, are become so necessary, that a Volume would look as defective without one, as if it wanted the very Title Page. Though it is hard I should be compelled to talk to my Reader, whether I have any thing to say to him or not. Nay, what is worse, every Body thinks a Man should be more lavish here of his Skill and Learning, than any where else: Here they would have him shew his Airs, and therefore most Authors adorn their Prefaces, as if they were Triumphal Arches; there's nothing empty to be seen about 'em, and from top to bottom they are to be crowded with
Em-

The Preface.

Emblems and pretty Sayings, judiciously interwoven with scraps of *Latin*; though they should borrow 'em from the Parson of the Parish. These, I say, are the Entertainments where they love to glut us with Wit and fine Language; though they starve us for ever after: Which makes some of 'em look like a rich piece of Fillegrew Work over the Door of an empty Parlour. But I am resolv'd my Portico shall suit with the rest of the House, and, as every thing is plain within, nothing shall be carv'd or gilt without: Besides, I hate formality, Good Reader; and all my Business with you, is, to let you know, that I have writ some Fables in Verse,
after

The Preface.

after the Familiar Way of a Great Man in *France*, *Monsieur de la Fontaine*. I have confin'd my self to strict Numbers, and endeavour'd to make 'em free and natural; if they prove otherwise I'm sorry for it. Two of the Fables are of my own Invention; but I'm so far from loving 'em the better, that I think they are the worst in the Pack: And therefore in good Manners to my self I conceal their Names. Find 'em out, and welcome. I could wish to have furnish'd you with something more worthy your precious time: But as you'll find nothing very Instructive, so there's little to puzzle your Brain. Besides, I desire every Body to read 'em at the same Hours

The Preface.

Hours I writ 'em ; that's when I
had nothing else to do. If any like
these Trifles, perhaps I may go
on ; if not, you shall be troubled
with no more of 'em : And so fare
ye well *Reader.*

The

The Problem

When I was a child, I was told
that there were two kinds of people
in the world. One kind was the
good kind, and the other kind was
the bad kind. I was told that
I should be good, and not bad.
I was told that I should be
kind, and not unkind. I was told
that I should be honest, and not
dishonest. I was told that I
should be brave, and not afraid.
I was told that I should be
strong, and not weak. I was told
that I should be happy, and not
sad. I was told that I should be
loving, and not hateful. I was told
that I should be kind, and not
cruel. I was told that I should be
good, and not bad. I was told
that I should be the good kind.

THE

THE
Countryman and the Knight.
 A FABLE.

AN honest Country-man had got
 Behind his House a pretty Spot,
 Of Garden ground with all what might
 Contribute to the Taste and Sight,
 The Rose and Lilly, which have been
 Still kept to Compliment the Skin,
 Poppies renown'd for giving ease,
 With Roman Lettice, Endive, Pease,
 And Beans, which Nat'ralists do reckon
 To be so ominous to Bacon.
 The beds were dung'd, the walks well swept,
 And every thing was nicely kept.
 Only a Hare wou'd now and then
 Spite of the Master and the Men

B

Make

Make raking work for half a day,
 Then fill her gut and scow'r away.
 In vain they beat and search the ground,
 The cunning Jilt can ne'er be found.
 The Master once in angry mood
 Starts up, and swears by all that's good,
 He'd be reveng'd, that he would.
 Runs to a Country Knight his Neighbour,
 And there complains how all his labour
 Was spoil'd by one confounded Hare,
 Which though the'd watch'd her ev'ry where
 He nor his people ne'er could catch,
 And of a certain was a Witch.
 His Worship Smiles and Promises
 To rid him of the Sawcy Pufs.
 At break of Day Jack winds his Horn;
 The Beagles scamper thro' the Corn;
 Deep mouthed Curs set up a Cry,
 And make a curfed Symphony.
 Now stir you Rogues; the Knight is come
 With *Robbin*, *Lightfoot*, *Dick*, and *Tom*.
 The House is full of Dogs, and Boys,
 And ev'ry where's a horrid noise.

Well,

Well, Landlord come, what shall we do ?
 Must w' eat a bit before we go ?
 What have you got ? now all's fetch'd out,
 The Victual's raked, and tore about.
 One pairs the Loaf, another Groom
 Draws Beer, as if he was at home,
 And spils it half about the room.
 What Horseman's yonder at the Door ?
 Why faith there's half a dozen more :
 They're Gentlemen, that live at Court,
 Come down the Country for some Sport ;
 Some old acquaintance of the Knight,
 Who whips from Table bids 'em light.
 They ask no questions ; but sit down,
 Fall to as if it was their own.
 One finishes the Potted Salmon ;
 Then swears, because he had no Lemon.
 Good-lord how sharp the Rogues are set !
 It puts my Landlord in a Sweat.
 His Daughter comes with fresh supplies
 Of Collard-Beef, and Apple-pies.
 His Worship falls aboard of her ;
 The modest Creature quakes for fear.

When do we marry Mistress *Ann*?

Who is to be the happy Man?

He takes her hand, and chucks her Chin,

Stares in her Face, commends her Skin,

Removes her Linnen, shews her Neck;

There's Milk, and Blood, gad take me *Jack*!

She blushes, and he vows she is

A pretty Girl, then takes a kiss;

She don't consent, nor dares deny,

Defends her self respectfully;

And now the Knight would let her go;

Another Rake cries, damme no:

I'll have a kiss as well as you.

He hugs her close, then calls her Dear,

And whispers bawdy in her Ear.

My charming rogue, I wou'd not hurt ye.

She answers not, but drops a Courtie.

He's rude, and she's aham'd to squeak;

Her Father sees it dares not speak;

But patiently enduring all,

Stands like a Statue in the Hall.

Now for the Garden and the Hare,

The Dogs get in, and scrape and tear,

The

The Horsemen follow, leap the rails ;
 Down goes the Quick-set-hedge, and Pales.
 The Huntsman hollows, runs and pushes,
 All goes to rack, the Borders, Bushes.
 And now my Landlord cries a main,
 You've ruin'd me ; but all in vain.
 The Cabbages are kick'd about,
 And Flowers with roots and all pull'd out.
 The Beds are levell'd with the Ground ;
 At last poor trembling Puss is found
 Hid underneath a Collyflower.
 The prey is took, away they scower.
 And leave our Countryman to think
 On all his loss of Meat and Drink :
 What havock's made in evr'y place,
 His Daughter wrong'd before his face.
 Small was the mischief of the Hare
 To ravenous Hunters to Compare.
 He wrings his Hands, and all in Tears
 Repents his foolish rashness, swears,
 He'll ne'er call help again in haste,
 Since Hounds and Horses made more waste
 In half an hour, than all the Hares
 Of th' Country could in Seven Years.

When

The Moral.

When petty Princes can't agree,
 And strive for Superiority,
 They often take my Landlord's course,
 Invite for aid a forreign Force ;
 And when their Subjects slaves are made,
 Their Countries all in ruins laid,
 As commonly it proves their fate,
 Repent with him when it's too late.

The

The Plague among the Beasts.

O Ne time a mighty Plague did pester

All Beasts Domestick and *Sylvester*,

They try'd a world of remedies ;

But none that conquer'd the Disease :

And, as in the calamity

All did not die, so none were free.

The Lion in this Consternation

Sends by his Royal Proclamation

To all his loving Subjects greeting ;

And summons 'em t' a general meeting ;

And when they're come about his Den,

He says, my Lords and Gentlemen,

I believe you're met full of the Sence

Of this consuming Pestilence ;

Sure such extra'rd'nary punishment

On common Crimes was never sent ;

Therefore it took its derivation,

Not from the trivial sence of the Nation ;

But

But some notorious wickedness ;
 Then let us search our Consciences,
 And ev'ry one his faults confess.
 We'll judge the biggest and the least,
 And he that is the wicked'st Beast
 Shall as a Sacrifice be giv'n,
 T'allay the wrath of angry Heav'n,
 And serve our sins an expiation
 By ancient way of immolation ;
 And, since no one is free from Sin,
 Thus with my own I'll first begin.
 I've kill'd an Ox, and, which is worse,
 Committed murder on a Horse ;
 And one day, as I am a Sinner,
 I have eat seven Pigs for Dinner,
 Robb'd Woods, and Fens, and like a Glutton,
 Fed on whole flocks of Lamb and Mutton :
 Nay sometimes, for 't's in vain to lie,
 The Shepherd went for Company.
 This was his Speech ; when Chanc'lour Fox
 Cries out, what signifies an Ox,
 Or Horse ? Sure those unworthy things
 Are honour'd, when made sport for Kings.

But

But, Sir, your Conscience is to nice,
 Hunting's a Princely Exercife :
 As for the Sheep that foolish Cattle,
 Not fit for Carriage nor for Battle,
 And being tolerable meat,
 Are good for nothing, but to eat.
 The Shepherd your sworn Enemy
 Deserv'd no better Destiny.
 Thus was he, that had sin'd for twenty,
 Clear'd *Nemine Contradicente*.
 The Bear, the Tyger, beaſts that fight,
 And all that could but ſcratch or bite
 Came of well ; for their groſs abuſes
 Others as bad found excuſes.
 Nay even the Cat of wicked Nature
 That kills at play his fellow creature
 Went ſcot-free : But his gravity
 An Aſs of ſtupid memory
 Confelsd, that, going to *Sturbridge-Fair*
 His back moſt brok with Woodenware,
 He chanc'd half ſtarv'd, and faint to paſs
 By a Church-Yard with exc'lent graſs,
 They had forgot to ſhut the Gate,
 He ventur'd in, ſcoop'd down and ate.

Hold, cries Judge Wolf, no more, for Crimes
 As these, deserve such fatal times.
 By several Acts of Parliament
 'Tis Sacrilege, they all consent ;
 And thus the silly virtuous Ass
 Was Sacrific'd for eating Grass.

The Moral.

*The Fable shews you poor folks fate,
 Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.*

The

The Grasshopper and Ant.

A Merry Grasshopper, that sung
 And tun'd it all the Summer long,
 Fed on small flies, and had no reason
 To have sad thoughts the gentler season :
 For, when t'was hot, the wind at South,
 The victuals flew him in his mouth :
 But, when the winters cold came on,
 He found, he was as much undone,
 As any Insect under Heav'n,
 And now the hungry Songster's driv'n
 To such a state, no Man can know it,
 But a Musician or a Poet,
 He makes a visit to an Ant,
 Desires he would relieve his want ;
 I come not in a begging way,
 Says he, no, Sir, name but a day
 In *July* next, and I'll repay :
 Your Interest and your Principal
 Shall both be ready at a call.

The thrifty Ant says truly neighbour
I get my living by hard labour ;
But you, that in this storm came hither,
What have you done when 'twas fair weather ?
I've sung, replies the Grasshopper ;
Sung ! says the Ant, your Servant, Sir ;
If you have sung away the best
Of all the year go dance the rest.

THE

The Milk Woman

A Strapping Dame, a going to Town
 To sell her Milk with thin Stuff Gown,
 And Coats tuckt up fit for a Race,
 Marches a long a fwinging pace :
 And in her thoughts already counts
 The price, to which her Milk amounts ;
 She fancies all is fold, and lays
 The Money out a hundred ways ;
 At last she's fix'd, and thinks it plain,
 That Eggs would bring the surest gain :
 She buyes a hundred, which she reckons
 Will four Weeks hence be fix score Chickens.
 Such mighty care she takes to rear 'em.
 No Fox or Kite can e'er come near 'em,
 The finest Hens are kept for Eggs ;
 The others fold to buy some Piggs ;
 To whom a little Bran she gives
 With Turnep-tops and Cabbage-leaves ;

And.

And tho they get no Pease to speak on
 Yet in short time they're sold for Bacon.
 O ! how the Money pleas'd her thought
 For which a Cow and Calf are bought ;
 She'll have 'em on the Common kept,
 There see 'em jump, at that she leapt
 For joy ; down comes the Pail, and now
 Good night t'ye Chickens, Calf and Cow,
 Eggs, Bacon ; all her busie care
 With them are dwindled into Air.
 She looks with sorrow on the ground,
 And Milk, in which her fortune's drown'd :
 Then carries home the doleful news,
 And strives to make the best excuse :
 Her Husband greets her with a Curse,
 And well it was she far'd no worse.
 The Hermit, and the Man of Fame,
Pompeus, and our Country Dame,
 The wisest Judge, and my Lord May'r,
 They all build Castles in the Air :
 And all a secret pleasure take
 In dreaming whilst they are awake :
 Pleas'd with our fancies we possess
 Friends Honour, Women, Palaces.

When

When I 'm alone I dare defie
 Mankind for Wit and Bravery.
 I beat the *French* in half an hour,
 Get all their Cities in my power.
 Sometimes I'm pleas'd to be a King,
 That has success in every thing,
 And just, when all the worlds my own,
 Comes one to dun me for a Crown ;
 And presently I am the poor ,
 And idle Dunce I was before.

*The Cock, the Cat and the
young Mouse.*

A Mouse of no experience
Was almost nabb'd for want of Sence.
Hear how the silly young one told
Her strange adventure to the old.
I crost'd the limits of our State,
And ran as swift as any Rat ;
When suddenly I spi'd two Creatures
Of very different form and Features,
The one look'd smiling, mild, and Civil ;
The other was a very Devil ;
He look'd so fierce, made such a rout,
Then tore the ground, then turn'd about ;
He ne'er stood still, upon his head
He wore a piece of flesh that's red ;
A bunch of tails with green and black
Stood stairing higher than his back.
And thus describes the simple Mouse
A Cock he had seen behind the House,

As

As had it been some Beast of Prey
 Brought over from *America*.
 With insolence, says he, he strids,
 And beats with his broad Arms his sides ;
 Then lifts his shrill and frightful voice,
 And made so terrible a noise,
 That tho, I can assure you Mother,
 I've as much Courage as another,
 I trembl'd, and, as I am here,
 Was forc'd to fly away for fear.
 I curs'd the Bully in my thought ;
 For 'twas that strutting Ruffins fault ;
 Or else that other Beast and I
 Had been acquainted presently.
 He sat so quiet, with such Grace,
 So much good nature in his Face,
 He's furr'd like we, and on his back
 So purely streak'd with Gray and Black ;
 He has a long Tail, shining Eye,
 Yet is all over Modesty.
 I believe he is a near relation
 To our Allies the rattish Nation :
 His Ears, and Whiskers are the same
 With ours, I would have ask'd his name,

D

When

When with his harsh and horrid sound
 The other made me quit my ground.
 Replies the Mother, well scap'd Son,
 You have been very near undone ;
 That formal piece of Modesty,
 That Mirrour of Hippocrisie
 Was a damn'd Cat of wicked Fame ;
 My heart akes at the very name,
 The everlasting Foe to Mouse,
 Death, and Destruction to our House.
 Whereas that other animal
 Ne'er did us hurt, nor never will ; }
 But may, when he is dead and gone,
 Serve us one day to dine upon.
 Then, prithee Son what e'er you do,
 Take special care of him, whom you
 For such an humble Creature took,
 And judge not people by their look.

The Cock and Pearl.

A Cock, not very nicely fed,
 A dunghill raker by his Trade,
 Whilst scraping in the dirt, had found
 A Pearl worth five and twenty Pound :
 He goes hard by t' a Jeweler,
 And like a silly dog says, Sir,
 In yonder rubbish lay a bit
 Of something that a'nt good to eat,
 If you think it will serve your turn,
 I'll change it for a grain of Corn.
 Nay sometimes men will do as bad,
 I've known a foolish Heir, that had
 A Manuscript of Wit and Labour,
 Say to a Bookseller his Neighbour,
 I've got some sheets my Uncle writ,
 They say he was a Man of wit,
 But books are things I don't much matter,
 A Crown would do my business better.

The Lyons Court.

IT happen'd, that, some years ago,
 The Lyon had a mind to know,
 What beastly Nations up and down
 Belong'd to his Imperial Crown :
 And therefore in his Princely care
 Sends word by Letters every where,
 That he would keep an open Court,
 Grace it with every Royal Sport ;
 And so invites 'em to his Palace,
 A Cave, that stunk worse than the Gallows.
 The Bear snorts at it, snuffles, blows,
 Draws hundred wrinkles in his nose.
 What need the fool to have made such faces ?
 The Lyon frown'd at his Grimaces,
 And for the niceness of his smell
 My gentleman is sent to Hell.
 The Monky fam'd for flattery
 Extalls this Action to the Sky,
 Then prais'd the King's majestick face,
 The stately building of the Place,

The

The smell, whose fragrancy so far
Exceeds all other scents that are,
That there's no Amber, said the Sot,
But what's a house of Office to't.

This gross insipid stuff the Prince
Dislikes, and calls it impudence,
To speak so contrary to Sence.

And as the one was thought to free,
So th' other died for flattery.

This Lyon had the reputation
To be *Catigula's* relation.

The Fox being near ; the peevish King
Ask'd his opinion of the thing.

Tell me, what smell is it, be bold.

Sir, says the Fox, I've got a cold,

If you would have your answers please.

Great Men, make use of such as these.

Bluntness and bare-faced Flattery

Can never with the Court agree.

The.

The Drunkard and his Wife.

MAN is so obstinate a Creature
 No remedy can change his Nature.
 Fear, Shame, all ineffectual prove
 To cure us from the Vice we Love.
 A Drunkard, that had spent his Wealth,
 And by the Wine impar'd his Health,
 One night was very Drunk brought home;
 His Wife conveys him to a Tomb;
 Undresses him from head to feet,
 And wraps him in a Winding-sheet:
 He wakes, and finds he's not a Bed,
 All over dress'd like one that's dead:
 Besides she counterfeits her voice,
 With Torch in hand, and grunting noise,
 Looks frightfull, in a strange array,
 To pass for Dame *Ctesiphone*.
 And every thing is done so well,
 He thinks he's fair'ly gone to Hell;

And

And satisfied it was his merit,
He says to his dissembling Spirit,
Who are you in the name of Evil ?
She answers hoarsely I'm a Devil,
That carries Victuals to the Damn'd,
By me they are with Brimstone cram'd.
What, says the Husband, do you think
Never to bring them any Drink ?

The

The Carp.

A Hanfome Carp genteely bred,
 In fresh and running water fed,
 Puff'd up with Pride and Vanity,
 Forfook the *Thames* and went to Sea ;
 Thro Shrimps and Prawns he cuts his way,
 Sees Cods and Haddocks frisk and play ;
 He ask'd some questions, but in vain,
 All spoke the Language of the Main ;
 He frets he can't be understood ;
 When at the latter end of flood
 Two Herrings vers'd in Languages
 Were talking about business ;
 Carp heard 'em, as he swum along,
 Discoursing in his River Tongue,
 And made a stop, they did the same ;
 One of the Herrings ask'd his name,
 And whence he came ; the Traveller
 Repli'd, I am a stranger, Sir,

Come

Come for my Pleasure to these parts
 To learn your Manners and your Arts :
 Then Herring asks, what News of late ?
 Which are your Ministers of State ?
 Indeed, said Carp, he could not tell,
 Nor did much care, quoth Herring well
 What Laws, what form of Government ?
 Are Taxes rais'd, without consent
 Of Parliament ? what Courts of ? pish
 Says th' other I'm a gentle Fish,
 And we know nothing of those matters ;
 Quoth Herring, I'm no Fish that flatters,
 I find you've neither seen nor read,
 And wonder you should break your Head,
 With what's in other Countries done,
 That knows so little of your own.
 At this the haughty Fool takes snuff,
 Turns from 'em in a mighty huff ;
 And whilst he slides and flourishes
 He meets a Country Fish of his,
 One us'd to Sea, a subtle spark,
 A Pike that serv'd his time t' a Shark ;
 Who leads him into Company
 Of Riot and Debauchery ;

The scandalous Gang in little time
 Infect him with the Salt, and Slime :
 They robb'd his Row, till scurvily
 At last he's forc'd to leave the Sea.
 His Scales begin to drop by scores,
 And all his Body's full of Sores.
 Half of his Tail, and Snout are gone,
 And he lean shabby and undone
 Sneaks home, as vain and ignorant,
 As e'er he was before he went.

The Moral.

*Some Fops, that visit France and Rome,
 Before they know what's done at home,
 Look like our Carp when come again.
 Strange Countries may improve a Man,
 That knew the World before he went ;
 But he, that sets out ignorant,
 Whom only Vanity intices,
 Brings nothing from 'em, but their Vices.*

The Nightingale and Owl.

THe Bird of *Jove*, who was all Day,
 As much intent upon his Prey,
 As any Prince in Chriftenom,
 Was not well pleased ; that coming home
 He always found his Folks a Bed,
 (Sure Courtiers fhould be better bred.)
 For, as Crown'd Heads have much to think,
 Some Nights he could not fleep a wink ;
 And thought it hard t' have ne'er a Bird
 In all his Court, could fpeak a Word,
 Or fuff a Candle, hundred things,
 That are of ufe to waking Kings.
 Some Birds ftrive hard, did what they could ;
 Yet when 't grew dark, fleep as they ftood.
 Others pretended that they watch'd,
 And fware and lied till they were catch'd.
 The King would not be put upon :
 Asks all his Court what's to be done ?

One talks no wiser than a Horse,
 Another makes it ten times worse,
 The Ostrich said, 'ts plain to me,
 We sleep because we cannot see ;
 Ask *Jupiter*, he can't deny't,
 To let it when 'tis dark, be light-----
 At that all stopt his Speech a laughing,
 Except the King, who fell a coughing.
 Says one, more learned than the rest ;
 I'm for a Crane with Stone in Fist ;
 If he should sleep it must be known,
 For presently he'll drop the Stone.
 But, as the Watchmen were to be
 In the upper Garret of the Tree,
 The King, for weighty reasons, said,
 He'd have no Stones held o'er his Head.
 Then cries the Swan and he was right,
 If one pretends to watch all Night,
 He cannot do a better thing
 To make us believe it, than to Sing.
 His Majesty approves of it
 And Letters presently are writ,
 By which the Airy Prince invites
 All Birds to court, that Sung a Nights ;

But

But most of 'em look on the same
 As things of no concern to them.
 Yet some that had Ambition
 Would very willingly have gone,
 But, since they could not watch in short,
 And might perhaps be punish'd for't,
 At best they could propose no gains,
 But t'have their labour for their pains.
 Only the Nightingale, whose Art
 Man knows, had fill'd his little Heart
 With so much Joy, he's more than glad,
 And almost ready to run mad ;
 Calls on all Birds and shakes his Wings,
 Tells him how every Night he sings ;
 (A thing, which they knew nothing of,
 For by that time the'are fast enough.)
 Says he, it hits so luckily,
 As if it was contriv'd for me,
 What cause to doubt of being chose,
 When there's not one that can oppose.
 His Friend the Black bird says if so :
 Make hast to Court; why don't you go?
 The haughty Bird cries, truly no,

Glory's

Glory's a thing I never went for,

Nor shall go now unless I am sent for.

At last the King by Mistress Fame

'S acquainted with his Skill and Name,

And hearing of his Stateliness

Sends half a dozen Deputies ;

Who, when they're come, are forced to wait :

The Bird makes every thing look great ;

He humbly thanks his Majesty ;

But could not leave his Family.

They still perswade and press him hard.

He, need not doubt a great Reward.

And, as the Nightingale delays,

And banters 'em for several days ;

A Magpye in the Field at play

Heard how he made the Courtiers stay,

Goes home, and there relates the Story,

The Message and the Birds vain-glory,

T' an Owl, who from his Infancy

Had liv'd in the same Family ;

And adds ; why don't you take a flight ?

I've often heard you sing at Night ;

When wak't by our unlucky Boys.

Says the Owl, I know I have no Voice

As

As well as you: but, if you hear me,
 Young Jackanaps you need not jeer me.
 By *George*, says Mag, I'm not in jest,
 What, though the Nightingale sings best,
 He is so proud, takes so much state,
 A thing, I know all Princes hate,
 That, if y'are there before the other,
 Who wants such Courtship, keeps such pother,
 I don't know, but your solemn Face,
 And modest Mein may get the place.
 I'll go my self for Company:
 And Mag discoursed so winningly,
 The Match is made away they fly.
 The King by this time thought it long
 To stay for a Nocturnal Song,
 When Master Magpy, and his Friend
 Were just come to their Journies end.
 They told their Bus'ness modestly,
 And are lodg'd on the Royal Tree.
 The Owl sets up his Note at Night,
 At which the Eagle laugh'd out right,
 Then went to sleep and two hours after
 He waked, and wanted to make Water,

Call'd:

Call'd to his watch, who presently
 Jump'd in, and cri'd, Sir, here am I.
 So, tho his Owlship could not sing,
 His watchfulness had pleas'd the King.

Next day arrives the Nightingale,
 With his attendance at his Tail.

His Majesty would by no means
 Admit him to an Audience ;

But sends a stately bird of Sence,
 Who thus accosted him. Signor,

Whom we so long have waited for ;

Since yesterday a bird came hither,

As grave as ever wore a feather,

Who without promise of reward

Last night has serv'd upon the Guard,

With him to morrow night the King

Has order'd you to watch and sing.

Says Nightingale, what do I care

For orders ? I am free, and swear

My Master-lays shall mix with none,

They make a Confort of their own ;

But who has so much vanitie,

That dares pretend to sing with me ?

He

And hearing 'twas th' *Arhenian* Bird,
 He star'd and cou'd not speak a word,
 Grew pale, and swell'd, his wind came short,
 And anger overwhelm'd his Heart.
 He foams at mouth, and raves, and blusters,
 And utters all his words in Clusters.
 A King ! a Devil, stupid fowl,
 That can compare me to an Owl !
 Pray says the Courtier have a care,
 Consider in what place you are ;
 But, as the fool would hear no reason,
 He went, and left him sputtering Treason,
 Then told what happen'd to the King,
 Who said he'd never hear him sing ;
 The Owl should be kept in his place,
 And th' other punish'd with Disgrace ;
 He wisely weigh'd ones complaisance
 Against the others insolence,
 Oppos'd the Humble to the Rude,
 And thought, the one might do more good
 With Loyalty and Diligence ;
 Than th' other with his Skill and Sence.
 The Nightingale is kik'd from Court
 And serv'd the little birds for sport ;

Till full of shame and grief he went,
And curs'd the King and Government.

The Moral.

Princesses can never satisfy
That worth, that rates it self too high.
What pitty 'tis? some men of parts
Should have such haughty stubborn hearts:
When once they are courted they grow vain:
Ambitious Souls cannot contain
Their joy, which when they strive to hide,
They cover it with so much Pride,
So Saucy to Superiors,
Impatient of Competitors,
Th' are utterly untractable,
And put of like our Nightingale.
Many with him might have been great,
Promoted friends, and serv'd the State,
That have beheld with too much joy
The wish'd for opportunity;
Then slipt it by their own delays,
Sloth, Pride, or other willful ways,
And ever after strove in vain
To see the forelock once again.

4

Council

Council held by the Rates.

A Cat, whose Sirname pretty hard was,
 One Captain *Felix Rodilardus*
 Had made so terrible a slaughter
 Among the Rates ; that little after
 There's hardly one to shew his head,
 Most part of 'em were maim'd or dead.
 The few that yet had scap'd the Grave,
 Liv'd in a subterranean Cave,
 Where they sat thinking mighty dull,
 With bellys less than quarter full,
 Not daring to stir out for fear
 Of *Rodilard*, who's ev'ry where.
 They tried a hundred ways to fun him :
 But, finding, they could never shun him,
 The wretches look upon him, that
 He's more a Devil than a Cat.
 Once, when our am'rous Spark was gone
 A hunting wenches up and down,
 The poor remainder, to improve
 The time their Enemy made love,

Assembl'd, and employ'd their cares
 About the straits of their Affairs.
 Their President a Man of Sence
 Told 'em; by long experience
 I know, the Captain, used to come
 In Ambush without beat of Drum.
 Methinks, that if we could but hear him,
 We need not half so much to fear him:
 And therefore, th' only way's to take
 A Bell, and tie 't about his neck:
 And then let him be ne'er so arch
 He'll advertise us of his march.
 His Council took, and every one
 Was of the same Opinion;
 Sure nothing better could be done.
 But pray, says one, who is to tie it;
 For I desire not to be nigh it.
 How! cries another, tie the Bell,
 I dare draw all his Teeth as well.
 A third, a fourth, all say the same,
 And so they parted as they came.

The Moral.

THus Cits advise what's to be done,
 This way they should attack the Town ;
 Now here, then there, why don't they come ?
 So, often in a Coffee-room,
 Where prudently they rule the Nation,
 I've heard some men of reputation
 Propose things ; which they dare as well
 Perform, as Rates to tie the Bell.

THE

The Bat and the two Weasels.

A Purbblind Bat a heedles beast
 Ran headlong int' a Weasels nest,
 Who big with Child, and Passionate,
 Had long since bore a mortal hate
 To Mice; she rises, takes a Knife,
 Runs to 'm resolv'd to have his Life,
 And says: what Rascal in my House!
 O impudence! a'nt you a Mouse?
 Confess: yes, I am sure you are,
 Or I 'm no Weasel: Have a care,
 No names, good Lady, says the Bat,
 No more a-Mouse, than you a Rat.
 What, I a Mouse? I scorn the word;
 And thank the Gods, that made m' a Bird;
 Witness my Wings, they're proof enough;
 Long live the Birds, and so came off.
 Some two days after giddy brain
 By a mischance, intrudes again
 T' another Weasel's, who hates Birds,
 She lets him enter, made no words;

But

But fairly caught him by his Crupper,
 And went to cranch him for her Supper
 In quality of Bird. Says he,
 Madam, this is an Injury,
 Damn all the Birds, I do Protest
 You wrong me : Sure y'are but in jest,
 What reason I should pass for one ?
 All Birds have Feathers, I have none.
 I am a Mouse long live the Rates,
 And Jupiter Confound the Cats.

The Moral.

THe Trimmer, that will side with none,
 Is forc'd to side with ev'ry one;
 And with his Comp'ny change his story,
 Long live the Whig, long live the Tory.

THE

The two Bitches.

A Bitch, who hardly had a day
 To reckon, knew not where to lay
 Her burden down : She had no Bed ;
 Nor any roof to hide her Head ;
 Desires a Bitch of the same Pack,
 To let her have, for Heaven's sake,
 Her house against her Lying-in.
 Th' other, who thought it was a Sin,
 To baulk a wretch so near her Labour,
 Says, yes, 'tis at your Service Neighbour.
 She stays the Month out, and above,
 And then desires her to remove :
 But th' other tells her, there's yet none
 Of all my Whelps can walk alone,
 Have patience but one fortnight longer.
 I hope by that time they'll be stronger.
 She grants it, and, when that's about,
 Again she asks her to turn out,
 Resign her Chamber, and her Bed :
 The other shew'd her teeth, and said,

My Children now are strong enough,
 Some of 'em able to stand buff.
 W'are free to go, but don't mistake us,
 That is to say, if you can make us.

The Moral.

WHoever lets the wicked in
 Shall hardly get them out again;
 What they can keep they'll ne'er restore,
 And by fair means you'll have no more
 Returns from them, than from the grave.
 Therefore he, that will lend a Knave,
 Must be resolv'd on Law and Force;
 If not, he'll bid you take your Course.

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The Sick Lyon and the Fox.

THe King of Bruits sent all about,
 He was afflicted with the Gout;
 And orders ev'ry Species
 To visit him by Embassies.
 To see his subject Beasts would be
 Some Comfort to him in his Misery:
 He swears them faithfully, they shall
 Be lodg'd, and treated very well.
 Then for a safeguard sends forsooth
 Passes against his Claw and Tooth.
 His Vassels in obedience come,
 And ev'ry species sends him some.
 Only the Foxes stay at home;
 Their reason was; they saw the print
 Of ev'ry beastly foot, that went:
 But found no marks, by which 'twas plain,
 That any e'er came back again:

And

And truly that's suspicious,
 Says one, poor folks are timorous.
 We know the King would not abuse us ;
 But yet desire him to excuse us.
 As for his Pass we thank him for't,
 And b'lieve 'tis good. But in his Court
 We know, which way we may go in,
 But not, which to come back again.

The Moral.

Wise Men sometimes instruction find
In that, which others never mind ;
Examining the least of things,
By Deeds, not Words, they judge of Kings ;
And never venture on that Coast,
Where once they knew another lost.

The Sayter and the Passenger.

A Satyr at his Country House,
 A dismal Cave, was with his Spouse,
 And brats a going to eat some broth :
 Without a Chair, or Table-cloath,
 On mossy ground they squatted down,
 With special stomachs of their own.
 And, just, as they fell to a main,
 Comes one to shelter for the Rain :
 The guest's invited to sit down,
 Tho in the mean time they went on.
 He shiver'd, look'd as cold as Death,
 And warm'd his Fingers with his Breath,
 Says ne'er a word, takes good advice,
 And stays not till they ask him twice,
 Falls to the Porridge, takes a sup ;
 But being newly taken up,
 'Twas hot, he blows it. Says the Satyr,
 Whose palate could bear scolding-water,
 Friend, what the Devil are you a doing ?
 What do you mean by all this blowing ?

The

The stranger answers, I did blow
 At first to warm my hands ; and now
 I blow again to cool my Broth.
 How, says my Landlord, dus it both !
 Than y'are not like to stay with me,
 I hate such juggling company.
 What ! out of the same mouth to blow
 Both hot and cold ! Friend, prithee, go.
 I thank the Gods my roof contains
 None such as you. The Fable means..

The Moral.

*None are more like to do us wrong ;
 Than those that wear a double Tongue.*

The

The Lyon in Love.

BEfore the Reign of Buxom Dido,
 When beasts could speak as well, as I do ;
 Lyons and we convers'd together,
 And married among one another.
 Nay, why not ? they have more bravery,
 And are of the eldest Family.
 One of 'em walking in a Grove,
 Met with a Wench, and fell in Love.
 Says he, dear girl, upon my life,
 Y'are handsome, and must be my Wife.
 Then sees her home, and asks her Father,
 Th'old Gentleman would have had rather
 A Son-in-Law of milder nature,
 And not so terrible a feature ;
 He could not give her heartily,
 And yet 'twas dang'rous to deny.
 Besides she lov'd a fierce Gallant,
 Says he, they have ask'd my consent :

If now I make a noise about it,
 Who knows but they may do't without it.
 Therefore he us'd a Stratagem
 With honey-words to wheedle him.
 My Daughter thanks you, Sir, for the honour,
 Which y'are pleas'd to bestow upon her.
 To talk of joyntures would be rude ;
 I know what's for my Children's good.
 She wholly yours, and from this hour,
 Son, I resign her to your power.
 I only wish, because your Bride
 Has but a foolish tender hide,
 That when you take her in your Arm,
 For fear your Claws might do her harm,
 You'd suffer somebody to pare 'em ;
 And then your Spouse need not to fear 'em.
 Your Teeth indeed look fine, and strong ;
 But yet th'are somewhat sharp, and long ;
 If y'had 'em filed an inch or two,
 T'would be no prejudice to you,
 And she'd respect you ne'er the less ;
 Admire the softness of your Kiss,
 And be more free with you a Bed.
 So fenceless is a lovers head :

The

The Lyon yields, and stupidly
 Lets 'em disarm him *Cap-a-pe.*
 And so the loving Son-in-Law,
 Remaining without Tooth or Claw,
 Look'd, as defenceless as a Town,
 With all the Walls and Gates broke down,
 With Dogs his complaisance they pay,
 To whom he falls an easie Prey.

The Moral.

W *Here Love his Tyranny Commences;
 There, farewell Prudence, farewell Sences.*

The

The Angler and the Little Carp.

That little fishes may be greater,
 And that, the larger th'are the better,
 I know ; but then, to let 'em swim,
 And all the while to stay for 'em ;
 Since catching so uncertain is,
 I think's a foolish business.
 An Angler patiently a fishing
 Employ'd, with looking on, and wishing,
 Catches at last a little Carp,
 That's very poor ; but being sharp
 He thought 'twas something to begin,
 Opens his pouch to put him in.
 But cries the prisoner pitiously
 Alas, what would you do with me !
 Let me grow bigger, throw me in.
 Some two year hence you'll catch m' again ;
 I'll stay for you, for you may be sure :
 Then sell me to some Epicure.

H

But

But now I'm such a silly fish,
 A hundred would not make a dish ;
 And if they should, when all is done,
 There would be only skin and bone.
 Says the Angler I've a mind to try you,
 And if y'a'nt fit to stew, I'll fry you.
 Leave preaching till anon, and then
 Discourse your matters to the Pan.

The Moral.

I Chuse one is for two may be's,
 One sure for ten uncertainties.

The Wolves and Sheep.

Between the Wolves, and Sheep the Wars
Had lasted many hundred years.

The Sheep could never feed in quiet ;
But Wolves disturb'd 'm an their Diet :

And truly Wolf is every day
By Mastiff hunted from his Prey.

The Shepherd often cuts his throat,
And turns his Skin into a Coat.

But now both parties are for ease ;
And met to agree on terms of Peace.

When in debates some time was spent,
On each side Hostages are sent :

As such both Nations were to give
What's valued most, the Wolves receive
The Dogs, of which in awe they stood ;

The Sheep young Wolves of Noble Blood :
And thus the Peace is Ratified,

With joy proclaim'd on every side.

But in short time the Whelps grew strong,

The sturdy Rogues began to long
For Blood, and Mischief ; watch'd a day,
The Shepherds were not in the way,

Then hunt the young ones from their Dams,
 And pick'd and cull'd the finest Lambs ;
 Kill'd and devour'd a multitude ;
 The rest they carried to a Wood,
 Where with the other Wolves they joyn,
 Who knew beforehand their design.
 The Dogs on publick Faith secure
 (And pray what ties could be more sure)
 Where, whilst they slept, and thought no harm,
 Throtled before they heard th' alarm.

The Moral.

*S*ome Nations, fond of slothful ease,
 Trust to deluding Enemies ;
 And, striving to avoid expence,
 Will leave themselves without defence ;
 But cunning Tyrants call 'em friends
 No longer, than it serves their ends,
 Against a mighty King, that is
 Regardless of his Promises,
 Proclaim an everlasting War,
 Observe his motions, watch with care ;
 And never hearken to a Peace,
 Proffer'd by faithless enemies.

The

The Wasps and Bees.

A Troop of Wasps claims openly
Some Honey Combs without a Tree.

A Regiment of Bees declares,
The Honey, and the Combs were theirs,
And let him touch the Goods that dares ;
They'd shew that they were Bees, and soforth.
Then, says the Wasps, we'll pluck a Crow-for't,
And shall not fly for Bees, we scorn it.

However 'tis left to Justice Hornet,
Who could with all his subtle Sence
Make nothing of the Evidence ;
In gen'ral they depose, 'tis true ;
That Insects of a yellow hue,
With tails containing poysonous Stings,
Long bodied, buzzing with their Wings,
And all the signs to paint a Bee,
Had been observ'd about that Tree.
But this could be no proof for them ;
For in the Wasps they are the same,

His.

His Lordship, for his Reputation.
 Heard a whole Ants nest's Information.
 But being no wiser than before.
 At last said he could do no more ;
 And made a learned Speech, to shew 'em :
 That this Court could say nothing to 'em :
 It must be tried in Chancery.
 Up starts a pert well meaning Bee,
 And says, an't please your Lordship ; 'tis
 Six months we left our business :
 And heard of nothing but Vacations,
 And Writs of barbarous Appellations ;
 And all this while, you know, we are,
 My Lord, but even as we were.
 The Honey every day grows worse,
 And greedy Lawyers drain our Purse.
 Under submission we've enough
 Of all this formal conjuring stuff.
 I believe I can inform you better,
 Which way you may decide the matter.
 What signifies our looking on,
 And hearing Council pro and con ?
 Let's go to work and then you'll see,
 Which spoke the Truth, the Wasps or we.

If they can make such Combs and fill
 With Honey each sexang'lar Cell ;
 The Cause is theirs, and we'll pay cost ;
 If not ; I hope, they'll yield it lost.
 Which when the Wasps refus'd to do
 Judge Hornet ris, and said Oho !
 I smoak you Sirs, and gave the Bees
 The Suit with Costs and Damages.

The Moral.

THus would I have all Judges give
 Their Judgment. With the Turks I believe,
 That Common Sense, to end a Cause,
 Is worth a hundred Common Laws.
 They lead us such a way about,
 Raise new disputes, make such a rout.
 Between the Plaintiff and Defendant ;
 That, by the time they make an end on't,
 The Suit looks like an Oyster, where
 The Fish falls to the Lawyers share ;
 And, if the Cause be manag'd well,
 Each of the Clients gets a Shell.

THE

The Lyon and the Gnat.

A Way base Insect, that took Birth
 From th' Exhalations of the Earth.
 Thus spoke the Lyon to the Gnat ;
 Who answered ; Bully, think ye that
 I'll bear Affronts ? No : And declar'd
 A War against him to his Beard ;
 And told the Hector, void of fear,
 You'll find, Sir King, how much I care
 For all your Titles, Tooth and Claw,
 Of which great Loobies stand in awe :
 I'll quickly curb your haughtiness,
 Damn'd Brute : and hardly utter'd this,
 But sounds the Charge (he serv'd for all
 For Trumpet and for General.)
 He nimbly shifts from Place to Place,
 And plays before the Lyons Face ;
 The other snaps and strikes the Air ;
 The Gnat avoids him every where ;

He

He watch'd his time, then seized his Neck;
 From thence he mov'd, and stung his Back.
 There fastned, made his Kingship mad;
 His Eyes sparkle in his Head;
 He foams and roars, and all what's near
 Trembles, and hides it self for fear:
 Yet, of this general Hurrican,
 And dire Alarm th' occasion
 Is, what one would suspect the least,
 So small an Atom of a Beast.
 With hundred rambling flights he teases
 The Brute, and leads him where he pleases;
 Gets up his Nostrils, laughs to see,
 With how much Rage his Enemy
 Tore his own Flesh, and all in Blood
 Ran raving through the affrighted Wood.
 He still pursues, till out of Breath
 The Lyon drop'd, and bled to Death.
 The merry buzzing Conqueror
 Flies from the dismal Seat of War,
 And, as he sounded cheerfully
 The Charge, so sounds the Victory.

But, going to Proclaim his Story,
 Puffed up and blinded with his Glory,
 He met a Cobweb in his way,
 And fell a Silly Spiders Prey.

The Moral.

SO one, that cro's'd the Ocean o'er,
 May smother in a Common Shore.

The Woodcleaver and Mercury.

IN Ancient times, when *Jupiter*
 Was pretty free, a Labourer,
 That earned his Bread with cleaving Wood,
 Lost with his Ax his Livelyhood.
 'Twould grieve ones Heart to hear, what sad
 And pitious moan the Fellow made ;
 He had no Tools to sell again,
 And buy another Ax, poor Man !
 It was his all, and what to do,
 Or how to live he does not know,
 And as the Tears stood in his Eyes,
 My Ax ! O my dear Ax ! he cries :
 Sweet loving *Jupiter* ! restore
 My Ax. *Olympus* heard his roar ;
 And *Mercury* the Post Boy, or
 The Flying Post (his Character
 Suites either for he's God of Lying
 Beardless, and fam'd for News and Flying.)
I 2
Came

Came to the Labourer, and said,
 Your Ax an't lost, cheer up my Lad :
 I've got it here ; but can you tell
 Which is your own ? I very well,
 Quoth he. Says *Mercury* take hold,
 And gives him one of Massy Gold ;
 To this, quoth th' other I've no claim,
 T' a Silver one, he said the same :
 But, when his Iron one was shewn,
 He cries, I faix this is mine own ;
 God blefs you Sir. And *Mercury*
 Said, 'o reward his Honesty,
 Th' are all your own, I give 'em ye.
 The Story 's quickly nois'd about ;
 The way to Riches is found out :
 'Tis but to lose ones Ax : the Fools,
 That had none, sold their Cloaths and Tools
 To get one ; and what e'er they cost
 They're bought in order to be lost.
 The God of Theives and Merchants, who
 By chance had nothing else to do,
 Came as they call'd : his Deity
 Gave every one the choice of three :

The

The lying Rogues denied their own,
And swore they lost a Golden one :
But, as they stoop for't, *Mercury*
Chops off their Head, and there they lie.

The Moral.

THE Fable shews you, *Honesty*
Is always the best Policy.

The

The Hare and his Ears.

Some stupid horn'd Beast or other,
 Trotting along to get some fother,
 Had run the Lyon in his Side;
 Who, for the future to provide
 Against such accidents, as this,
 Sends writs, by which he banishes
 From his Dominions every one,
 That wore a Horn : And when 'twas known
 The Stags sneak off with Bulls and Rams,
 The very Calves went with their Dams :
 And, whilst they are moving every where
 To foreign parts, a fearful Hare,
 That saw the shadow of his Ears,
 Was startled at the sight ; and fears,
 Some Villain might maliciously
 Say, they were Horns ; What Remedy ?
 Says he, they're long, and I can't tell.
 Well Neighbour Cricket fare you well :

My

My Ears are Horns too; I'll march off;
 They're very long, and that's enough:
 Nay, were th' as short as Ostrich Ears,
 It would not rid me of my fears;
 For if they catch m' I go to Pot.
 Foh! says the Cricket y'are a sot.
 Hares Horns! what Puppy calls 'em so?
 Th'are Ears. But yet, for ought you know,
 Replies poor Puss, they'll pass for Horns;
 And, may be, Horns of Unicorns.
 They call the Rabbits fore Legs, Wings.
 I hold no Argument with Kings.

The Moral.

*AT Lyons Courts, in case of Treason,
 I rather trust my Heels, than Reason.*

The Rat and the Frog.

A Graceless Rat, in special case,
 Kept neither Lent nor Holy-days ;
 But lov'd his Gut beyond his Soul,
 And look'd as slick as any Mole :
 Who, one Day having time to spare,
 Went to the Marshes for some Air ;
 There meets a Frog, not over fat,
 Who says your Servant Mr. Rat ;
 And seemingly with much good Nature,
 Invites the Stranger o'er the Water :
 Says he, I live in yonder Fens,
 Go with m' I'll treat you like a Prince.
 The Rat, who had a mind before
 To ramble, need t've heard no more ;
 But yet the Frog made a whole Lecture
 On Country Bagnio's, and their Structure,
 The Voyage, and the Recreation,
 He'd find in his amphibious Nation ;

Their

Their Manners, and a hundred things,
 Of which in Winter Evenings,
 He'd tell fine Stories ten year after,
 By Fire sides in praise of Water :
 And, since he always liv'd a Shore,
 There's nothing could refresh him more.
 These Reasons pleas'd his Ratship so,
 That he was raving Mad to go.
 But as your pamper'd Folks are fearful,
 He said, one cannot be too careful,
 'Tis true I swim, but not like you;
 And Cramps, or other things, you know,
 Might happen : if I could but have
 Some small assistance.-----Says the Knave,
 Prithee be quiet, to prevent
 All harm, I've an expedient,
 That has a thousand times been tried.
 Then took a bit of Rush and tied
 One of the fore feet of the Rat
 To his hind leg, and out they set.
 But O thou wicked World ! how evil
 Are all our Hearts ! this croaking Devil
 Swum to the deep ; where, when he got him,
 He strove to pull him to the bottom ;

K

And

And thought it was a lucky hit,
 To meet with such a dainty bit ;
 Good wholsom Meat, and so went on.
 The Rat, who felt he was undone,
 Cried out, and fould himself for fear ;
 And, tho sometimes in half a year,
 The Varlet never said a Pray'r ;
 Yet (as the Proverb tells us, he
 That cannot pray, must go to Sea.)
 So now, with all the Sugar Words,
 A frightened Cowards Heart affords ;
 He called the Gods, and coax'd the Frog ;
 But no : that false heardhearted Dog
 Is deaf to all his Protestations,
 And violates the Law of Nations.
 One lugs and labours like a Horse,
 Th' other resists with all his Force.
 The Frog's for going down ; the Rat,
 If 't pleased the Gods, would rather not.
 And, whilst they're struggling different ways,
 A Kite, that hovered o'er the Place,
 Saw what our Gentry was about,
 Would fain have seen the Battle out ;

If 't had been safe ; but, being loth
 To lose his Stomach, took 'em both :
 And, doubly bless'd beyond his wish,
 Sup'd, like a Lord, on Flesh and Fish.

The Moral.

HE, *that's entangled in a Plot,*
For want of Strength, is often caught :
And in his Practices detected
By Accidents, he ne'er suspected.
What cares a Frog for Kites, in Water ?
But Villany rewards its Author.

The Cat and an old Rat.

I've heard, and if it be a lie,
 You have it e'en as cheap as I;
 That a huge Cat, of mighty Name,
 A second *Rodilard* for Fame,
 The *Alexander* of the Cats;
 An *Attila*, a scourge to Rats,
 Had brought such horrid devastation,
 And Mischief on the latter Nation;
 'Twas thought he would depopulate
 The World, and swallow every Rat.
 The long Tailed gentry, far and near,
 Are all possess'd with so much fear;
 That there's not one in six miles round,
 That dares to venture above ground;
 Their bloody minded Enemy
 Is sorry, that they're grown so shy.
 In vain he watch'd, and lurk'd about,
 The De'il a bit as one came out.

Says

Says he, the Scoundrels are alive,
 I hear 'em stir, and must contrive
 To draw 'em out ; for, where they dwell,
 I'm sure, they're uncomatable.
 At that he gets upon a Shelf,
 And to a String he hangs himself
 By one Foot, dangling with his Head
 Downward, as if he had been dead.
 The Rats all thought, he had been taken
 At stealing Cheese, or gnawing Bacon ;
 Perhaps he might have foul'd the Bed,
 Murder'd a Bird ; or, that he had
 Committed any other Evil,
 By instigation of the Devil,
 Or his own more malicious Nature ;
 For which they'd hang'd the wicked Creature.
 The Prisoners, who wanted Bread
 Thank'd Heaven, and were very glad.
 They show their Snouts, and now begin
 To peep out, and pop back again ;
 Till growing bold they leave their home,
 And scamper up and down the Room.
 Down comes the treacherous Malefactor,
 Who rais'd to Life without a Doctor.

Fell with such rage about their House;
 Each blow kill'd either Rat or Mouse:
 Some made resistance, but in vain,
 The Ground is cover'd with the slain,
 Such Execution did his Claw.
 But when the cunning Warriour saw,
 The nimble ones go off in Sholes,
 And get within their crooked Holes,
 He call'd to 'em, for all your haste,
 I know, you'll come to me at last.
 This trick you never knew before,
 But I can shew you hundred more.
 He'd kill'd enough to live upon
 Some few days; but, when that was gone,
 He kept his Word, and wheedled 'em
 With quite another Stratagem.
 He jump'd into a Tub of Flower,
 And there stood powdring half an hour,
 Till, thinking he was dawb'd enough,
 He walks into an open trough
 Where, lying snug as white a Snow,
 And roul'd up like a piece of Dough,
 He waits the Starvings coming to'm,
 And now and then he pick'd up some.

But

But an old Rat, who full of Scars
Had lost his Tail in former Wars ;
Standing at th' entrance of his Cave,
Call'd to our Cat. You, Mr. Knave,
Your Hanging or your Flower wont do,
I know your Tricks as well as you.
You was a Cat, and are so still :
Change to what form or shape you will :
Nay be a Log, I wont come nigh 't.
Says th' other, faith he's in the right.
And wisely knows, distrust to be
The Mother of Security.

THE

The Weasel and the Rat.

A Hungry Weasel poor and lank,
 With wrinkled Jaws, and Taper Flank,
 Hardly recover'd from her Weakness,
 Occasion'd by a fit of Sickness.
 Met with a Granary, and stole
 Into it thro' a little hole.
 She blest her self to see the store,
 No Miser sure could covet more :
 And, thinking no Body could harm her,
 Fell to, and fed like any Farmer.
 At Nights she slept, and snor'd at ease,
 And having Peace and Quietness,
 Four Meals a Day, a wholesome Air,
 A dainty Diet, little care,
 She quickly chang'd her meagre Feature,
 And look'd like quite another Creature.
 The truth is, it would be a hard case,
 If all this should not mend ones Carcass.

Once

Once, sitting at a Dish of Wheat,
 She heard a Noise, forsook her Meat,
 Ran to the hole to save her Bacon,
 Squeez'd to get thro' ; but was mistaken.
 And, as she searches all about,
 And finds no Crevish to get out,
 She spies a Rat, and tells him, pray
 What must I do, I've lost my way,
 Which is the hole ? No says the Rat,
 Your way is right ; but y'are too Fat.
 Stay but a Week, and fast, good Dame,
 Till y'are as lean, as when you came,
 And then you'll find the holes the same.

The Moral.

A *Man in Profitable Station,*
Grown rich by Plundering the Nation,
Is often willing to resign,
But seldom to refund the Coin.

The Wolf and the Stork.

WOlves commonly are fam'd for Eating,
 As much, as Foxes are for Cheating.
 One of 'em, at a Mutton Feast,
 Devour'd his Meat with so much haste;
 A Bone got in his Throat, and there
 Stuck fast; some Learned Authors swear,
 It was the *Os Sacrum*; others say,
 It was one of the *Vertebrae*.
 But hang disputes; since it is all one
 What Bone it was; so 'twas no small one.
 There stood Sir Wolf, and, full of Grief
 Made signs he wanted quick relief.
 And well it was he could not Cry;
 For no Soul would have come a nigh.
 At last he shews it to a Stork,
 The longled'd Surgeon goes to Work;
 Takes out the Bone immediately;
 And when 'twas done, desir'd his Fee.

Sure

Sure, Says the Wolf, whoever draws
 His Head out harmless from my Jaws,
 May boast of such a Happiness,
 As far o'repays all Offices ;
 A thing which ne'er was done before,
 And, may be, ne'er will happen more.
 But O Damn'd Vice Ingratitude !
 To scape with Life, and be so rude,
 As to ask Fees ! take care, young Man,
 You never see my Face again.

The Moral.

*Some Folks are so mischievous grown,
 They claim Thanks if they let y' alone.*

The Frogs asking for a King:

THe Frogs, after some Ages spent
 In Democratick Government,
 Grew weary of it, and agree,
 To change it for a Monarchy;
 And humbly beg'd a King of Jove;
 The God comply'd, and from above
 Dropt 'em a very peaceful one;
 But only in the falling down,
 He made such noise, that all the Frogs,
 Who are but fearful skittish Dogs
 Were frighted, and drove under Water,
 And there remain'd a good while after,
 Among the Weeds; their fear was such,
 There was not one, that dar'd so much
 As look upon him, whom they thought
 Some Giant, or the Lord knows what.
 Tho' all this while 'twas but a Log,
 At last came up a daring Frog;

But

But took care, not to swim too nigh it,
 Till, seeing it lay so very quiet,
 He went on, tho' in mighty aw ;
 But, when his Fellow Subjects saw
 Their Bulky King did him no harm,
 In half an hour the Pond did swarm
 Of Frogs. O ! what a pretty thing
 It was to play about their King :
 The meekest, that e're wore a Crown ;
 And soon they're so familiar grown,
 That, laying all respect aside,
 They Jump upon his Back, and ride.
 The King, says nothing, keeps his Peace,
 And lets 'em work him as they please.
 But this they hate, they'd have him move.
 A second time they call on *Jove*,
 And tire his Brain with clam'rous rout,
 To have a King, that stir'd about.
Jove, mad for being plagu'd again,
 Sends 'em a Damn'd devouring Crane ;
 Who only was for Kill, and Slay,
 And ate whoe'er came in his way.
 Much louder now the Rascals cry ;
 Deliver us from Tyranny !

O Jupiter ! If he goes on,
 We shall be murdered every one,
 This is the Devil upon dun.
 Quoth he, I'll humour Fools no more,
 You might have kept what ye had before ;
 You left your Common-wealth, to seek
 A King ; and then he was too meek ;
 You must have one, forsooth, that stirs :
 I hope, now you have got one, Sirs.
 You never chang'd without a Curse,
 Keep this, for fear you get a worse.

The Moral.

THank God, this Fable is not meant
 To Englishmen; they are content,
 And hate to change their Government.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

IT is a thing without contest,
 That he that's strongest reasons best.
 The Weather being sultry hot,
 A Lamb, to cool himself, was got
 A Paddling in a purling Stream.
 (To Rhiming Fools a mighty Theme)
 When a she Wolf (the De'l sure sent her)
 Came down, in quest of some Adventure,
 And hardly spied poor Innocence ;
 But pick'd a Quarrel void of Sence ;
 Began to Sputter, Damn and Sink,
 Ask'd ; how he dar'd to spoil her Drink,
 A nasty poysoning Dog. Odsbud !
 He'd make it all as thick as Mud.
 For which he'd punish him by *Jove*.
 Madam, replied the Lamb, I love
 To reason calmly, and will shew ye,
 That I am twenty Yards below ye.

And

And, humbly craving leave, from thence
 I draw this reg'lar consequence ;
 That I can't, standing in this place,
 Disturb the Liquor of your Grace.
 You do, says th' other, and last year
 You told some Lies of me. I swear,
 I was not born then, quoth the Lamb :
 I ha'nt left fucking of my Dam.
 'Twas either you or else your Brother.
 I've ne'er a one. Then 'twas your Mother,
 Or any other near Relation ;
 For all your wicked Generation
 Hates me ; your Dogs and Shepherd too.
 And without any more a do,
 The Lamb was carried to the Wood ;
 And serv'd the cruel Wolf for food.

The Lyon grown Old.

A Valiant Lyon, now grown Old,
 His Limbs and Jaws benum'd and cold,
 Lay thinking on his Royal Bed,
 With scarce a Tooth in all his Head :
 And Claws worn to the Stumps with Tearing :
 (But everything's the worse for wearing)
 And whilst he labour'd to repent,
 Complaining of his Youth mispent,
 His Rebel Subjects paid no more,
 That Honour, which they gave before,
 But treat him with Contempt and Scorn :
 The Bull does push him with his Horn,
 The Horse affronts him with his Heels :
 No Tongue can tell what grief he feels
 From these insulting Enemies.
 In comes the Ass ; but when he sees,
 That Coward too forget his Duty,
 He dying said, *Tu quoque Brute ?*

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